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A VINDICATION OF THE WHITAKER FAMILY;

BEING A REPLY TO THE HEARTLESS ATTACKS UPON ITS REPUTATION WHICH APPEARED IN THE NEW YORK PAPERS, SEPT., 1836:

BY WARREN C. WHITAKER.

To my Fellow-Citizens:

The following article appeared in the New York Gazette, some three or four weeks since, from which it was copied into the Courier and Enquirer, American, and Daily Advertiser, all of which are newspapers published in the city of New York. Many of the other presses of the country have also transferred to their columns this unfeeling production, and I now place it before the reader with an appeal to JUSTICE and to TRUTH for a refutation of the calumnies and slanders with which it abounds.

"THE WHITAKERS.—The tragedy which happened last spring in New Orleans, is probably fresh in the minds of our readers, but the particulars attendant on it, which we give below, have never been published, probably for the substantial reason, that the lives of the editors of that city, had they published them, might have been the forfeit."

"The Whitaker family, noted desperadoes, reside at a considerable distance from New Orleans, on the Mississippi, and are the terror of that part of the country. Young Whitaker, the convict and suicide, is said to have been obnoxious to the censure of his brothers, on account of his timidity, although he had committed at least one murder previous to that of which he had been convicted. The latter was perpetrated in a bar room, on the person of the keeper, because he did not wait on him quick enough. Whitaker drew his knife and stabbed him to the heart."

"He was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to death. The family, consisting of the father, mother, two brothers and a sister, repaired to New Orleans with the determination of effecting his rescue, or putting him to death with their own hands. Our informant states that the eldest brother told him that he had paid the keeper of the prison \$6000 to be instrumental in his liberation. It is true that he saved off the bars of his prison window, and was in the act of running off, when he was retaken and carried back to jail, where he was more closely confined than before. The day of execution drawing near, and little chance being left that he would gain his freedom, his family determined that the gibbet should lose its victim. They therefore furnished him with laudanum, which was either not taken by him, or failed in its intended effect. He was afterwards visited by one of the family, who put into his hands a knife of peculiar construction, (a pattern of which we have seen,) such as are carried by the assassins of that portion of the country, with an injunction to use it on himself; and the whole family have been seen on their knees at prayers, invoking God that he might not die a coward."

"A short time previous to the day on which he was ordered to be hanged, he made two attempts on his left breast, with the instrument given him, but his courage failed. He was goaded on to the fatal deed by his brother, and he plunged it between his ribs seven inches in depth, perforating his heart. This knife, covered with his blood, is now held by his father as a trophy of honor. The body was delivered up to the family, taken home, and buried with military honors."

"To show the utter recklessness of this horrible crew, they have sworn that the governor, who refused to pardon him, the jailer who confined, and the judge who sentenced him, shall die by their hands; and even the sister declares that if these deeds are delayed, she will train up her little boys for the purpose of putting them to death. This fiendish woman had armed herself for the purpose of assassinating her brother on the way to execution, had he failed himself to perform the deed."

"But the whole of the story is not told. The family immediately on hearing the death of the young man, employed a gentleman of this city to take a cast of his face in cement, and procure a bust to be made from it. The cast was taken while the body was yet warm, and a young man who accompanied him, executed the bust, which was considered an admirable likeness, for which they agreed to pay him a hundred and ten dollars. After repeated applications for the money, which was not paid, the family having returned home, he left the city, repaired to their residence, and demanded the amount promised him. The elder brother bade him be off, or he would kill him, and drew his knife, but his purpose was prevented by the interposition of his mother. The young man, mounted his horse, and was returning to New Orleans, but was intercepted next evening on the road by two of the Whitakers, painted and disguised. They first insulted him by asking him who he was, whence he came, &c.; but he, knowing their object, drew a pistol, and shot one of them dead on the spot. He fled, soon after abandoned his horse, and took to the woods, where he secreted himself during the day and travelled by night. An hour after his arrival at New Orleans, he had been preceded by the remaining Whitaker and another person, who inquired for him at his lodgings. His landlord kindly informed him of the fact, and placed him on board a ship bound to Mobile, at which place he arrived in safety."

That intelligent men could for a moment have listened to a story like this, and from such slight authority, is certainly surprising; but that editors of respectable newspapers, in the enlightened city of New York, should deliberately sit down, and pen such an article, from such a source, is to me matter of grief and indignation, as well as wonder. Unless to pander to the morbid and vitiated appetites of their readers, or to draw such horrible pictures of the state of society at the South, in order to foster and keep alive those sectional prejudices and dislikes which now almost rend the country asunder, I can see no cause for this outrage upon the feelings of a wronged and suffering family, whose sorrows are already as much, nay, more than they can bear. If the conductors of the northern press desire piquant and exciting dishes for their columns, they may surely find food enough upon their own soil to feed their readers to satiety; and that, too, without resort to FICTION. If southern recklessness and outrage be their theme, let them at least found their stories upon facts, and, in the name of God, permit an inoffensive and heart-broken family to weep over their griefs in peace and quietness.

It would require but a slight knowledge of this country, to see at once the very palpable absurdities in the narrative of the "gentleman" who was employed in making the bust; and a trifling attention to the accounts published in the New Orleans papers of the arrest, trial and death of my brother, Washington A. Whitaker, exaggerated as some of them were, would expose many of the cruel falsehoods in the romantic story with which that narrative is preceded. Unfortunately, however, the eagerness of editors is not to be

baulked by want of *vraisemblance* in a story affording so capital an "article;" nor are the cravings of their readers to be staid by such considerations as a widowed mother's feeling, or a weeping sister's woe.

The above piece having been extensively circulated throughout the United States, it devolves upon me, the sole representative of my family, to meet and refute the slanderous charges it contains. Here, where we are known, this is unnecessary; but I would not that in New York, where I may never be, no, nor even at the antipodes, should the name of WHITAKER be associated with all that is mean, and base and bloody. Nay: if it were but for the character of my native State, I would not have it supposed that a family so blackened and begrimed with outrage and crime, could live within its borders. I would moreover add, that one domestic affliction following quickly upon the heels of another, has prevented me until now from noticing the many foul aspersions cast upon myself and family by the periodical press of the country; but this last outrage, exceeding all that have hitherto appeared in vile atrocity, imperiously calls upon me to delay a defence no longer.

"The Whitaker Family," drawn in so fearful colors by the writer of the piece which I have extracted, consists of my mother, an old lady of nearly sixty years, my two widowed sisters, and myself. I had another sister—the joy of my heart, and the solace of her mother's old age—a creature of affection and purity; but after her brother's death she drooped and died, and the grave is now her protection from calumny. In the early part of last January, my brother Washington and myself accompanied this sister and our mother to New Orleans. It was their first visit to the city, and they looked forward with pleasurable anticipations to its enjoyment. Alas, how sadly were they disappointed! On the second night of our stay, that terrible circumstance occurred, which has caused all our misfortunes, and made us mourners for life—which has furnished *envy* with weapons, and *envy* with a theme. A sudden affray took place, at an eating house in the city, between my brother and an insolent and insulting bar-keeper. During the rencontre, the latter was joined by his two assistants, and my brother had no resource but his weapon; such a one as is worn by many of the most respectable inhabitants of this country. In the very heat and fury of passion, with his young and fiery blood excited even to madness, he seized upon his nearest antagonist and slew him. Here was *malice*—*not lying-in-wait*—*nor premeditated bloodshed*. Pride, passion, even *nature herself*, called upon him to defend himself, and he *did* defend himself. So far from my brother having stabbed the bar-keeper "because he did not wait on him quick enough," as is asserted with so much levity in the article, it was not until after he was assailed with many coarse and abusive epithets, and even curses, that he threw a tumbler from off the counter at the man, which, though missing him, brought on his attack, in which, as I have before said, he was seconded by his two companions. I was neither present at the quarrel, nor when the subsequent affray took place, but in company with some friends in another and distant room of the same establishment. Had I been on the spot, no such fatal result would have followed: those who know me, can bear testimony to the truth of this assertion. No sooner, however, did the tumult and outcry reach my ears, than I hurried to ascertain the cause. On entering the bar-room, I perceived my brother standing in an attitude of defence in the middle of the floor; his opponents had disappeared. To my inquiries hastily made, he briefly answered that he had been attacked by three ruffians, but had succeeded in beating them off. Thinking it nothing more than a mere bar-room squabble, I desired Washington to be peaceable, and return with me to the room where our party had ordered supper: he immediately assented, and we were about to go there, when a crowd of watchmen and armed police officers burst in upon us, and attempted our arrest. Not feeling disposed to yield ourselves up to the tender mercies of such a set of cowardly ruffians as this body is notoriously composed of, we kept them off, and proceeded to our lodgings at Bishop's hotel, uncontaminated by their touch. Here it was I heard, for the first time, that a man had been wounded at the eating house. We had reached our chamber, and were preparing for bed, when this communication was made to me. Although our means of defence, which had as yet been ample for our protection, were strengthened by the presence of a number of our friends and neighbors from the country, I no sooner heard this announcement confirmed, than I determined to resist no longer, but submit myself to the laws of my country, in which I foolishly expected to find relief for the innocent, and punishment only for the guilty.

The resolution to yield, in which my brother fully acquiesced, being formed, I unfurnished the chamber door, and throwing ourselves upon a bed, we quietly awaited the approach of the myrmidons of justice. Pretty well assured that no further resistance was contemplated, a promiscuous crowd of the police, and other rabble, rushed into the room, and to them we surrendered. I pass over, with tingling veins, and a blush for manhood, the many cowardly cruelties that were heaped upon us, while passing from the hotel to the prison. It was during this transit, that every insult and indignity, even to robbery and blows, were heaped upon us. It was then that I heard the first howl of an IRISH MOB clamoring for blood. Wounded and bleeding, we were dragged to the city prison, loaded with irons, and thrust into a dungeon, amid filth and darkness.

This is a true history, as developed on Washington Whitaker's trial, of "the tragedy which happened last spring in New Orleans;" and for its confirmation, I appeal to the hundreds of citizens of that place, who were witnesses of that trial. This is "the cruel and cold-blooded MURDER," which stands in so bold relief upon the pages of the thousand newspapers of our country; and which Heaven and earth have been invoked to punish. These are the facts upon which is erected that stupendous mass of malignity and falsehood whose shadow now darkens our name with obloquy and reproach. A youth, just entering upon manhood, became embroiled in a sudden affray: in the heat of strife and angry passion, and while in actual combat, he slew his adversary; and then, having yielded himself up to justice, he atoned with his life his momentary offence. But this atonement satisfied not the cravings of that

ALIEN hatred, which, after pursuing him to the death, stooped to insult his breathless remains—which demanded possession of his *lifeless body*, as it had before yelled for his *blood*. No, this was *not* enough!

A young and lovely sister, the fair flower that had grown up in innocence and beauty by her fond brother's side, could not survive the utter desolation which prejudice and perverted laws had brought upon our household. While he lived, and for his sake, she courageously bore up against imposition, insult and indignity, and supported her sorrow-stricken mother in her dire affliction. The gloom of her brother's prison hours was dispelled by her presence, and in the chamber of her disconsolate parent she whispered *Hope*. The morning of every day saw her standing at a dungeon's gate, awaiting a surly turnkey's pleasure for admission; and every night beheld her on her knees in prayer to God for a brother's safety. She, too, was sacrificed; and still REVENGE is not yet sat! My God, of what materials must those men be composed, who can now take pleasure in hurrying the tottering steps of an old heart-broken mother to the grave; who from a distant land, can sully the fair fame of two widowed and inoffensive FEMALES, and continue to goad their only protector on to desperation; who, shielded by the protecting palladium of the PRESS, can still scatter their Upas poisons over a whole country, and clothe with infamy the last sad remnant of an innocent and *once* happy family!

What sort of moral perception must that community entertain, where the writer of the article which I am at present noticing, and which has called forth the indignation of every honest man in this country, is looked upon as a "respectable editor," and his infamous informant called "a gentleman?" I pretend not to be acquainted with the moral code of the citizens of New York, nor what is by them considered "respectable" and "gentlemanly;" but *this* I do know, that *here*, in this land of misrule and "assassins," such slanders would be frowned down by the community, and justice would punish them with her lash.

I turn now more directly, and with a feeling of loathing, to the infamous publication which has been the immediate cause of my present resort to the press, for a vindication of myself and family. The writer of that article, in his outset, seems surprised that "the particulars which he gives below," were never published in New Orleans, and assigns as a "substantial reason," that "the lives of the editors of that city, had they published them, might have been the forfeit." There are at least ten or twelve editors in New Orleans; and those who know the honorable and independent course which a large majority of them take upon all occasions, and on all subjects, will not wonder that a regard for DECENCY and TRUTH prevailed with them over the desire to promulgate articles abounding in mischief and malevolence. "Fear for their lives," which, from their vicinity to these "noted desperadoes," the New York editor seems to think so natural a preventive, would not have operated with these high-minded gentlemen, when truth was to be told. Besides, were death to be the punishment for such a publication *here*, the distance to New York is not so great as to prevent its infliction *there*. The editor of the "Gazette" need not tremble, for I would not even spit upon him. I would further say, that though all the New Orleans papers did not abstain from giving highly colored and inflammatory accounts of the death of Mr. Murphy, the bar-keeper, still, most of them, and I believe the "True American" was the *only* exception, refused to lend their aid to excite prejudice and forestall justice. The rest maintained a silence creditable to their sense of what was right, and in their comments upon the death of my brother, the "Bee" in particular, was decorous and feeling.

"Young Whitaker," who it is said in the next paragraph of the article, "had committed at least one murder previous to that of which he had been convicted," was my *only* brother. He was kind and affectionate in his disposition, and of a high and honorable spirit. His "timidity" was not that of a coward, but of a young man just twenty-one, and to whom the world was new. Nor was he ever engaged in any affray, save those growing out of the trifling disputes of school-boys; and no blood but the unfortunate bar-keeper's was ever shed by his hands. And true it is, that for *this* he was "arrested, and tried, and convicted, and sentenced to death!"

Here let me dwell for a moment upon that cruel combination of circumstances, which caused an *unpremeditated* act of violence to be viewed and punished as a DELIBERATE MURDER. The man who fell in fight was an IRISHMAN. No sooner was this made known, than those clamorous feelings which so strongly characterize the natives of Ireland, and which unite them in such powerful combinations in this country, were aroused to avenge the death of their countryman. A secret meeting of that people was immediately held, at which the death of Washington Whitaker was decreed by a thousand voices. A funeral was gotten up with all the pageantry of an immense procession; and as the coffin sunk into its grave, the first mutterings of that terrible storm were heard which was soon to sweep before its omnipotent breath JUDGE and JURY, and EXECUTIVE and PEOPLE! From that moment *Irish vengeance* has never tired. Aided by a power alike irresistible in New York and New Orleans—an IRISH MOB—it trampled justice under foot, and menaced the law's own ministers into compliance. Crowds of impatient IRISHMEN constantly surrounded my brother's prison, threatening to tear down the walls and seize him. On his trial, which took place with indecent haste, IRISHMEN filled the court-room, and palsied the arm of Justice with their wild and savage presence. In that dread hour of suspense and agony, their whispered curses and jeering taunts sounded on their victim's ear, and told him that his doom was sealed. And when the verdict—a verdict rendered to FEAR—was recorded, an IRISH shout arose that plainly told the secret of that verdict.

The scenes that were acted in the streets of New Orleans, when my brother passed, in *custody* of the POLICE, to and from his trial, would have disgraced the wildest clan in Connaught. Every sort of abuse was liberally showered upon a *prisoner in irons*; and on one occasion, he was secretly wounded with a sharp weapon by some cowardly miscreant in the crowd! But these outrages, though they show the state of feeling among the *lower* Irish, were manly and generous, when compared to that system of secret intrigue, expenditure and intimidation, which

was adopted by a more reputable class of Irishmen, to ensure conviction. Not only was *money* lavished to procure extra counsel, but threats of *Irish vengeance* were made to those who were to try the cause, in case of an acquittal. Foreigners who had never been naturalized, were intruded upon the jury, contrary to our law; and a motion for a new trial, on account of this and other irregularities, was hardly listened to, and contemptuously overruled. Is it any wonder that all this succeeded? I now ask unprejudiced men to say whether, if the individual who fell had been an *American*, or if no appeal had been made to the wild and lawless passions of an *Irish mob*, any higher verdict than MANSLAUGHTER would have been given? I leave it to any lawyer in the land, whether the facts, as I have narrated them, and which, as I have before said, are the same as were sworn to on the trial, warranted a verdict of "WILFUL MURDER."

But to the article. The writer goes on to state, "that the family consisting of the father, mother, two brothers and a sister, repaired to New Orleans, with the determination of effecting his rescue, or putting him to death with their own hands." After my liberation from prison, and I scorn to notice here that violation of law in my person which loaded me with irons and placed me there, I *did* use every exertion to secure for my brother a fair and impartial trial. And when I found that all my toil was in vain, I did make every effort to effect his rescue from chains and imprisonment. It required not alone a brother's affection to do this. There is that in a mother's look, when the boy she bore lays pining in a dungeon—there is that in a sister's eye, which makes a man—*any* man—dare all that I did dare, and dared in vain!

But were the members of his family the *only* individuals who manifested an interest in the fate of Washington Whitaker? No; there were *just* and *good* people even in New Orleans, where he was a stranger, who closed their ears against alien clamor, and desired not to see *American* law prostituted to alien revenge. There were *just* and *good* people in the parish of West Feliciana, where he was born, who prayed for a commutation of the disgraceful punishment awarded, and solicited as a *boon* that which might have been demanded as the right of justice. There were *just* and *good* people in the parish of East Feliciana, where he was raised and had his home, who petitioned in numbers not to be disregarded, that their youthful friend and fellow citizen might not perish on a scaffold to gratify the wicked passions of an infuriated rabble. And the prayer of five hundred American citizens for clemency, was apparently successful. Their just and moderate demand seemed for a time to meet executive approval. The Governor of the State promised, and with every appearance of sincerity, to soften the extreme rigor of the law, and to lay before the Senate, then in session, a modified sentence for their approval. And *how* did he keep his promise? But I want patience to go over the whole course pursued in this mournful case, by that weak and vacillating man. I cannot do it. It sickens my soul to recall those moments of suspense and uncertainty—those alternate feelings of hope and fear—with which the conduct of EDWD. D. WHITE caused our bosoms to be agitated! I cannot think on my poor old mother, and my dear departed sister, in those hours of light and shadow, and write of all, much less write *calmly*.

But to exhibit in a few words the utter want of sincerity, truth and firmness, in the individual who now presides over the State of Louisiana, it is sufficient to say, that to my mother and sisters; to myself; to our friends, among whom I may particularly mention Doctor JOHN C. WILLIAMS and WILLIAM TERRELL, Esq. of this parish, he constantly and uniformly gave assurance that he would exercise his prerogative in this case; and, as I have before stated, would lay a commutation of the sentence before the Senate for their approval. In spite, however, of all these promises; in spite of all these hopes held out to the condemned and his care-worn relatives; in spite of all these assurances to anxious friends; and notwithstanding a Governor's pledged word to the contrary, the case was never submitted to the Senate—the cruel sentence was rendered irrevocable, and the fatal DEATH WARRANT SIGNED!!! "I am *compelled* to it," said the false-hearted coward, to a respectable member of the Legislature who was with him at the time, "for should I interfere now, the Irish will destroy my property and tear down my house." Shame, where is thy blush? Manhood, where thy frown? Citizens of a free and powerful State, look at your GOVERNOR, sending a native born citizen to the gallows, for fear of a foreign mob!!!

It was the last day of the legislative session, and I was in the Senate chamber anxiously awaiting the expected communication relative to my brother's case from the executive. I had ascertained that a large majority of the members would approve of any modification of the sentence of death which the governor might think proper to make, and though every moment seemed an hour of agony, I still thought that the next would end suspense, and put it in my power to gladden the heart of a doating mother with the news that her son's life was safe. Let those who have *human* hearts judge my feelings when, instead of the announcement of the minister of mercy, a friend came hurrying to me with the news that the Governor had refused that morning, for the first time, to interfere in the case, and had just signed the warrant for execution, which was to take place without a moment's delay! Seeking out my friend ALEXANDER BARROW, Esq., a representative from the parish of West Feliciana, I communicated to him the intelligence I had received, and requested him to accompany me to the Governor's house, in order to ascertain from the Governor himself whether he could possibly be capable of such cruel duplicity. Mr. Barrow consented to go with me, and we set off immediately. My reception by the Governor was colder and more formal than usual, he seeming by his manner disposed to announce to me his altered determination. To my inquiries as to the truth of what I had heard at the Senate chamber, he assured me that he *could* not interfere in the matter, and that he had concluded *not* to submit the case to the Senate. He even refused to acquaint me with the day fixed on for carrying the sentence into execution, and denied to my poor brother the sad consolation of knowing how long a time he had to prepare himself for death. I now saw that all was lost, and my resolution was immediately taken. I left the Gover-

nor's house, and concealing about my person a Bowie knife, hurried to the prison. When I entered the gloomy cell, I found my mother and sister, who little dreamed the errand I was on, about leaving it, after one of their daily visits. It was hard for me to answer favorably their eager inquiries, and hurry them in taking their last farewell; but I was forced to make the effort, and I succeeded. They left the prison ignorant of the fatal news, and unconscious that they had looked their last upon a son and brother!

The reader will here perceive the total departure from truth, which the newspaper article makes in this part of its pretended narrative. No "Laudanum" was ever furnished my brother, either by the members of his family or by any other person, nor was his death under any circumstances contemplated. So fully convinced were we *all* that the extreme sentence would not be enforced, that we were at the time making arrangements to ensure the prisoner's future comfort in confinement, and contemplated leaving the city for our plantation in the country as soon as the legislature rose. Neither mother nor sisters knew ought of the deception, duplicity and falsehood of EDWARD D. WHITE, until their fatal consequences had occurred, and Washington Whitaker had ceased to exist.

There is something so mean and contemptible in the insinuation about my brother's "courage," that I shall not notice it, but proceed with my sad narration. As soon as I was alone with Washington, I communicated to him the news I had received, and the result of my interview with the Governor. He saw at once there was an end of hope, and received the intelligence with composure. Rising from his bed, as far as his irons would permit him, he demanded of me the fulfillment of the promise I had made him, in case it should come to this. I drew forth the knife, and placing it in his hands, turned aside to conceal my emotion. "Show yourself a man," cried he, perceiving my tears, "and bear with firmness the loss of a brother who has always been devoted to you. Comfort our dear mother, and protect our sisters. My death, though it will *grieve*, shall never *disgrace* them! Tell my friends that I die innocent of murder. I had no malice against the man whom I killed fighting in self-defence. Farewell, dear Warren! That moment which sees you quit this loathsome prison, I die—and thus end all my sorrows."

I can dwell on this no longer. I quit the prison, and for the last time, I could not go home. I could not hear announced to those *there*, the event which I knew must soon transpire. I wandered about the streets with feelings tortured almost to madness. At length I met a messenger with the expected intelligence: my brother had put an end to his existence, and then lay in his prison weltering in gore. My mother and sisters had already been apprised of this overwhelming event, and had sent for me. I hastened to them, and found them on their knees, *not* "invoking God that their relation might not die a coward," but thanking Him that he had escaped the cruel designs of his enemies, and was out of their reach. Cold-blooded SLANDERER! Wicked, merciless CALUMNIATOR! Contemplate that scene of anguish, and if you be not the FRIEND you seem, feel remorse.

Through the kind and considerate assistance of some friends, we were promised possession of my brother's remains. It was found, however, impossible to remove them at the moment, and it was therefore deemed advisable to wait for that purpose until night. Disappointed of their prey, an immense and highly exasperated IRISH MOB had already collected round the prison, and with oaths and execrations demanded that the dead body should be given up to them. The authorities found themselves as yet strong enough to resist this demand, but the corpse with its bloody wounds was for hours rudely exposed in an outer room of the prison to the indecent gaze of such as chose to come and view it. But this did not satisfy these lawless outcasts of a foreign land. With the night, their numbers increased; and then with horrid Irish yells they swore that the body was theirs, and should never leave the city. Cowardly and contemptible miscreants! Irishmen of New Orleans, you on that occasion threatened my life. I have been *alone* among you since, and shall be again; yet, blood-hounds though you be, I fear you not. To defeat the ferocious designs of the mob, it was found necessary to have recourse to stratagem. A hearse was provided and despatched at a late hour in the night to the principal entrance of the prison, and at the same time a cart on which it was designed the body should actually be removed, while the hearse was the ostensible means of conveyance, was sent to a more private door of the building. This arrangement being completed, the empty hearse drove off at a slow pace, while the cart with the coffin proceeded rapidly to the steamboat engaged for the occasion, and deposited there its melancholy burthen. In the mean time, the Irish had followed the hearse, thinking it contained the corpse, and forcibly stopped it after suffering it to proceed to a convenient distance for their purpose. On discovering the deception which had been practised upon them, they vented their wrath upon the driver and his vehicle, in a manner truly Irish. Early on the following morning we embarked on board the same boat which contained my brother's remains, and in due time arrived in safety at our home.

Such are the incidents of "the tragedy" in which an individual fell a victim to incensed and heated blood, by himself insulted and provoked. Such are the incidents of that other tragedy, in which a young man in the morning of his days, and guilty at most of manslaughter, was sacrificed upon the altar of justice, desecrated by the act, to precipitate the savage passions of a bandit mob: such the verdict of a trembling jury: such the conduct of a biased judge: such the course of an imbecile executive, at first full of promises and hope, then perverting his paltry soul to save his property from destruction; and such the scenes which a sorrow-stricken family of FEMALES was doomed to witness in the hours of their deepest tribulation. Reader! this is not the emanation of an ardent fancy, nor the fiction of romance. You have read a *true*, though melancholy tale.

The funeral which followed our arrival home, having given rise to many absurd falsehoods and misrepresentations, and caused the expression of much virtuous indignation in several of the Northern newspapers, it may perhaps not be improper to say a few words here in relation to that circumstance. I do this the more willingly, because

(See last page.)